The ſtony girthes of Cities: me thy puple,
Yongeſt follower of thy Drom, inſtruct this day
With military skill, that to thy lawde
I may advance my Streamer, and by thee,
Be ſtil'd the Lord o'th day, give me great Mars
Some token of thy pleaſure.

Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard clanging of Armor, with a ſhort Thunder as the burſt of a Battaile, whereupon they all riſe and bow to the Altar.

O Great Corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of ore-rank States, thou grand decider
Of duſtie, and old tytles, that healſt with blood
The earth when it is ſicke, and curſt the world
O'th pluriſie of people; I doe take
Thy ſignes auſpiciouſly, and in thy name
To my deſigne; march boldly, let us goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former obſervance.

Pal. Our ſtars muſt gliſter with new fire, or be
To daie extinct; our argument is love,
Which if the goddeſſe of it grant, ſhe gives
Victory too, then blend your ſpirits with mine,
You, whoſe free nobleneſſe doe make my cauſe
Your perſonall hazard; to the goddeſſe *Venus*
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our partie. *Here they kneele as formerly.*
Haile Soveraigne Queene of ſecrets, who haſt power
To call the feirceſt Tyrant from his rage;
And weepe unto a Girle; that ha'ſt the might
Even with an ey-glance, to choke *Marſis* Drom
And turne th'allarme to whiſpers, that canſt make
A Criple floriſh with his Crutch, and cure him
Before *Apollo*; that may'ſt force the King
To be his ſubjects vaſſaile, and induce
Stale gravitie to daunce, the pould Bachelour
Whoſe youth like wanton Boyes through Bonfyres
Have skipt thy flame, at ſeaventy, thou canſt catch
And make him to the ſcorne of his hoarſe throate

Abuſe

Abuſe yong laies of love; wh
Haſt thou not power upon? T
Add'ſt flames, hotter then his
Did ſcortch his mortall Son, th
All moyſt and cold, ſome ſay b
Her Bow away, and ſigh: take
Me thy vowd Souldier, who d
As t'wer a wreath of Roſes, ye
Then Lead it ſelfe, ſtings more
I have never beene foule mou
Nev'r reveald ſecret, for I kne
Had I kend all that were; I n
Vpon mans wife, nor would t
Of liberall wits: I never at g
Sought to betray a Beautie, bu
At ſimpring Sirs that did: I ha
To large Confeſſors, and have
If they had Mothers, I had on
And women t'wer they wron
Of eightie winters, this I told
A Laſſe of foureteene brided,
To put life into duſt, the aged
Had ſcrew'd his ſquare foote r
The Gout had knit his fingers
Torturing Convulſions from
Had almoſt drawne their ſphe
In him ſeem'd torture: this Ana
Had by his yong faire pheare
Beleev'd it was his, for ſhe ſwo
And who would not beleeve
To thoſe that prate and have d
To thoſe that boaſt and have
To thoſe that would and canne
Yea him I doe not love, that te
The fowleſt way, nor names c
The boldeſt language, ſuch a o
And vow that lover never yet
Truer then I. O then moſt ſof

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.